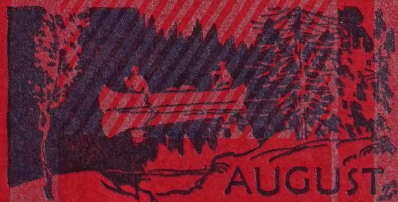


PATHFINDER



1965

PATHFINDER

DEDICATED TO THE INTEREST OF THE INMATE

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PATHFINDER

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EDITORIAL

For quite some time, in fact since I took over the helm as Editor of this magazine, I've been under the false impression that Penal Press editorial writing is, and should be, a certain type of writing. For a young individual—no grey hair, although it's rapidly receding—I've always followed the old-school line of thought and action, and in this little sphere of writing it meant that the "I" in me should be subdued. This was accomplished after a tough struggle and the result is that the editorials have been, except for the occasional breakthrough, in the third person form. It also meant that a flustered, misguided English dropout should attempt to create with the coldness and factuality of a press journalist a half readable column.

It was done, the "I"; I mean; and I commend myself for a display of perseverance, but the readability was about as stilted as the long legs on a circus character. Which proves one point conclusively—at least to me—and that is that the toughness in delivering an editorial is intensified if the third person form is used. Verbally, the words pop open like tiny atoms and eject eggy odours—bad eggy odours. This same third person tends to sound slightly didactic, cold, and always questionable; while the other numerical first drops off waves of warmth like a Quebec heater, and roves freely in unlimited acreage.

So now, after so many editorials behind me, after liberal and numerous loose remarks on the senility of my writing (some people think my age is somewhere in the sixties) I have succumbed to the inevitable and joined the ranks of other Penal Press editors. The "I" is in, the pill has been swallowed, and eight out of ten Penal Press publications stand as the banner of my defeat. This means, in short, that I can now speak out clearly, easily and assuredly; assuredly because the writer's idiom "In my opinion" is there to use as a protective wall.

This, of course, still doesn't mean that the steel-toed boot of the censor can be ignored, but it does mean that the limb of

provocation won't break quite as easy as before. For example, if you were to see the following, "penitentiaries are for lunatics" written down somewhere, in all likelihood, your eyebrow would rise. But, if you read instead, "in my opinion, penitentiaries are for lunatics," then; knowing the difference between a mental institution and a penal one, you would probably call the writer some type of fool. Or would you?

To provoke someone is a comparatively easy thing to accomplish. In the court room, low or high, or even in the Appeal Courts, provocation is one of the greatest dangers that faces an undefended prisoner. It is the glib, experienced prosecutor's tool. A hammer that can pound, tire and confuse the unlearned indigent. It is one of the greatest weaknesses of the court, and one of the strongest arguments favouring a legal-aid system. There can be no justice, in the near-true sense of the word, in a system that tries and convicts any one person—regardless of the type or seriousness of the charge—as long as he is undefended. How can there be? It is asinine to even attempt to believe that the half-literate prisoner will not, at some time or another during the trial, provoke the magistrate or judge; hindering his defence when he does so, and also impairing the possibility of a lenient or reasonable sentence.

This sore on the judicial body has been recognized for a number of years—as just that. And; herein lies the wrong. The wrongness of a society that possesses the knowledge of this gaping pustule; yet fails to tend and correct. The dual sin of social irresponsibility and procrastination. An ugly weed with destroying roots in the centre of the Canadian garden. I say this feelingly, out of patriotism; not through a lack of it. And, also because I believe that editorial provocation, (good or negative) directed at society incites action.

Admittedly, there are, in a number of cities across Canada today, a type of existing legal-aid and public defense agencies. And, credit should be given to the few that function properly. But, the sordid fact remains that until a bill, which would insure each and every person with representation, is passed; then society could conceivably send an innocent person to jail. It has happened before. It can happen again.

A C K N O W L E D G E M E N T S

PATHFINDER is grateful to the editor of the PRINCE ALBERT DAILY HERALD for reducing our operating costs on photo-cuts.

FIELD DAY IN RESTRICTED PASTURES. . .

The annual Field Day, or Sports Day, is part of the routine of penitentiary life in most Canadian or American prisons. It has its place in the sports calendar, its function in the schedule of social events, such as they are, and its beneficial effects on men who are regimented, restricted and regulated.

The thrill of competition, the emotional catharsis from the many laughs that are inevitable—a few of the events are deliberately planned for their humor value—and the general sense of relaxation that is part of a carefree day made for inmates, even if some did not participate in any part of the organized program. It is just good plain medicine for men who are serving time. And, of course, a lot of work for the Yard, P.T. and Committee men who organized it and set it up.

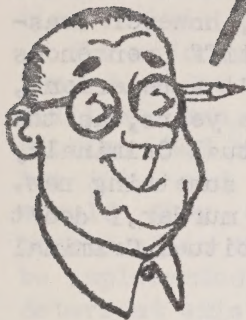
The competitive events were varied enough to offer anybody and everybody a chance at some of the loot, and there were consolation prizes for those who did not, or could not, compete in any of the games and events. The midway, with its many games of chance—win some goodies!—helped a lot to create an easy-going atmosphere so essential to the day.

To round out the picture of a perfect Field Day, lunch was served in the yard—hot dogs, french fries, soft drinks and coffee, with ice cream for dessert. There was music, too, for those who like Rock'N'Roll with their hot dogs.

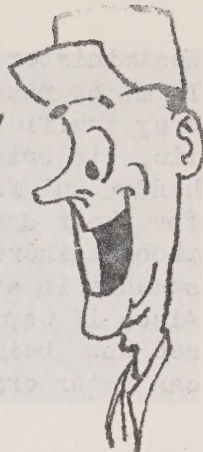
TO OUR MANY FRIENDS:-

We would like to take up a few lines to say "Thanks" to all our reader friends who have stayed with us through the years. The many delays—stops and starts—that crop up from time to time are part of the picture of any penal publication, much the same as the occasional gripe is. You have proved to be aware of our problems by continuing to subscribe to **PATHFINDER**.

If you have disagreed with anything in this magazine, or have seen anything that we could improve on, drop us a line and tell us about it. Your criticism and views are appreciated. On the other hand, if you have enjoyed this issue, then introduce us to a friend. **Staff**



Inquirer's Beat



CONDUCTED BY MIKE BARBER

QUESTION:- DO YOU BELIEVE THAT THE HABITUAL CRIMINAL ACT SERVES AS A DETERRENT TO CRIMINAL BEHAVIOR?

Note:- The above question was chosen after reading the article reproduced below, which appeared in THE VANCOUVER SUN, July 14, 1965. Fifty inmates were asked for their views, and the four replies on the following pages are indicative of the predominant attitude.

APPEAL COURT FINAL FOR HABITUALS

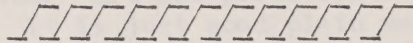
Vancouver, July 14, 1965. B.C. Court of Appeals is now the Court of Last Resort in deciding Habitual Criminal cases. Mr. Justice T.G. Norris said this is indicated by the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Canada in the case of Robert McDonald, 38, of Vancouver. The Supreme Court in a 5-2 decision said recently it doesn't have jurisdiction to hear appeals from the Crown or the accused in decisions of Provincial Courts of Appeal on sentences of preventive detention.

Jerry St. Germain, #234

Although the Habitual Criminal Act has been in effect since the middle Forties, it wasn't until 1959-60 that a prosecutor from Vancouver, a Mr. McMoran, utilized it with any regularity. Approximately 90% of the people now doing "The Bitch" from the Vancouver area have drug offenses on their record. There is more than double the number of inmates charged as habituals in New-



Westminister than in all the penitentiaries in Canada combined. In my opinion, their failure over the years to deal with the drug traffic has led them to resort to any means, however drastic, to bring it under control. The doubly stiff sentences handed out for drug offenses alone obviously isn't a deterrent, for their drug problem increases yearly. Over the years, as the problem increases and their jails fill with Habitual Criminals, someone in authority will probably come up with something new. Also, if Capital Punishment isn't a deterrent to murder, I don't see how being confined and classified as a Habitual Criminal can deter crime.



Alex Wilson, #8892



The answer to the question should be self evident. If the Habitual Criminal Act serves any purpose, why then do we find so many four, five and six-time losers in Canadian prisons? And why has the per capita crime rate continued to rise during the eighteen years since this statute was assented to by Parliament? Why, also, do we find more instead of less men each year falling into the category defined by law as habitual criminals? The Hab-

itual Criminal Act, under which a man may be imprisoned for life and under which men have served as much as fifteen years and are still behind bars, is a contentious piece of legislation. In passing sentence, judges do not realize what they do. In fact, some refuse to pass sentence. There are judges who sentenced men under this act who believe it helps, not realizing a man convicted as an habitual receives no extra treatment, counsel or is any research spent towards his future. The majority of habituals I have met do not class themselves as professional criminals; their offences are mostly trivial; most can not afford competent counsel. It does not act as a deterrent and does not serve as a cure.

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Bob Reid, #337

No! I do not feel that the Habitual Criminal Act is a deter-

rent to crime. Statistics show that the number of convictions from its inception in 1947 have increased yearly.

The majority of offenders being sentenced under this law are average intelligent men, who prior to their conviction had been warned of, or read, the Act, and realized I'm sure that should they ever appear before the courts again the Code would undoubtedly be implemented. Wherein, then, does the deterrent exist?

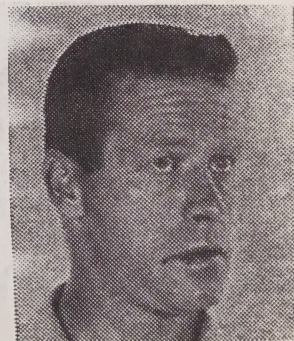
Today's jurists and penologists, like their predecessors, not having arrived at a sound and reasonable answer as to why man becomes a recidivist, labor under the misconception that an effective deterrent to crime lies in the ill-conceived idea of prolonged detention.

How, in this purported modern day of enlightenment, can man sit in solemn judgment of his fellow man and proclaim to one and all that here stands a person incapable of changing his ways, now or ever, and so label him an Habitual Criminal who must serve an undetermined number of years in prison on the basis of this travesty, and under the guise of a deterrent to other men?

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John Pritchett, #478

I have been asked if the Habitual Criminal Act is a deterrent. My answer is NO. I believe that conviction under this act usually involves double jeopardy and will never act as a deterrent. I feel that as long as acts and laws of this nature exist we may as well throw our civil rights bill right out the window. I do believe, though, that the Habitual Act could serve its purpose and help men with long records if some aspects of it were changed. (Cont. P. 38)





Once again playoff fever is in the air, as we noticed last week. Fastball managers are trading their future stars before the deadline arrives. Now that all the rosters are frozen, the teams to place your money on for the championships are as follows: - A League, ASTROS; B League, 007's, with the HORNETS and the DODGERS standing a good chance. C League is where all the future pros are in action. Our selection here is the ORIOLES, with the strong contenders being the REDS, providing that the Farm Camp transfers don't claim all our stars.

Stan Berg's A League GIANTS are considered to be the most charitable team in the league. Why, fans? Mainly because it's strange if this team doesn't give away four or five runs in a game. Stan claims that he is just setting up the other three teams for the playoffs.

The CARDINALS, with Dale Newell pitching, have acquired another pitcher in Marty Papin. This team will have to be reckoned with, as not only do they boast of two good pitchers, but also have the batting leaders in Dale Newell, who is hitting .427, along with teammate Henry Laliberte, whose batting average reads .394.



The METS, managed by Jerry Cole, should be fighting it out for third place with the GIANTS. Don Scheersmidt, Dergo, Rollie Paton and Erison have to date been slugging the ball like major leaguers.

As for the GIANTS, they have won all

awards. As a comedian-turned-ballplayer, we have Roy Henderson. He should be able to struggle it out until September. Then Roy will be ready for next year. Jerry St. Germain, a shortstop for the GIANTS, could be the best player around, if he wanted to be. Bob Balharrey is one player who tries all the time.

Going over to the ASTROS, we see that Gene Groulx's pitching and proper managing makes the difference. Players like Norm Roy, Jake Quiring, Stan Bergin, Brian Sexsmith, Bill Evans, Gene Grills and Pelletier are all top-rated players who will be hard to beat, come playoff time.

I was strolling over toward the golf course the other day when, lo and behold, I noticed a fellow all decked out in an umpire's uniform, gum-booting my way. "How about a game of golf?" he shouted from about a hundred feet away. Well, fans, right then and there, I knew he was up to something. After I agreed and we started playing, you should have heard him telling me of the fantastic catch made during a B League game the night before. Fans, he had me believing that the fielder had made a fifty-yard run to catch a ball, thus robbing the batter of a home run. All this with the bases loaded, two away at the bottom of the ninth, and the score 9-6 in favor of the fielding team. By this time, we were on the fourth hole, and I finally had to tell this player for the JESTERS, namely Schroeder, that I had been watching the game. However, fans, the fielder did make a fantastic catch, but the distance that he ran for it would be more like twenty yards instead of fifty.

Meanwhile, B League seems to be tightening up more every game, with the 007's still being the team to beat. However, the DODGERS, HORNETS and JESTERS are not about to concede any games. This league should prove very interesting before the playoffs are ended. Manager Demchuk of the HORNETS claims his nine players will do a lot of stinging before they concede.

As for Godard's B Leaguers, I would recommend to the other managers, "Be kind to this manager," if you want a change of socks.

At C and D diamonds, home of the C Leaguers, there is action galore. To keep tab on the player changes and managers, for some teams, would require an IBM computer.

Take notice of Old Man Kelly, who is back in C League.

John Severight's ORIOLES are boasting of sluggers galore. So

is Henry Sayer's REDS and Art Hamilton's WHITE SOX. These three teams should be battling it out for the George Capstick Memorial Trophy.

Cub manager Archie Buro is ready to meet any and all challenging teams. Just happened to overhear Archie asking for a raise in pay.

As for Carrol's TIGERS, I do believe this is one tiger who is still in the tank. Managers for the YANKEES up to date have been: Charlie Freidel, Jack Heikel and Laurie Frazer, for a total of about two and a half hours, and now Cardinal is in the position. It wouldn't surprise me to see Hugh take over, or "Casey Welch".

With regard to pitchers in C League, Moser just has to be the best. This fellow should be in B League, anyway. Art Hamilton is unbeatable, providing it is nice and hot. This also applies to Andy Creighton.

The most improved player up to date would have to be Walbaum. Coverage on all three leagues will appear in a supplementary issue.

Now we will have a look at our representatives playing against visiting teams. These are the A League CLIPPERS and the B League ACES. First of all, we will have a look at the CLIPPERS who play in the Prince Albert Senior B League. Challengers in this league are the ROYALS, JACKS and PARKLAND. The BROADWAY FLYERS from the city, to this date, have displayed the most power towards victory against the CLIPPERS.

However, at times the CLIPPERS look as though they were a team without spirit. The pitching of Gene Groulx has been second to none. A few timely hits and runs from his teammates would, most likely, have made a difference.

The B League ACES, who play in the Prince Albert District Commercial Fastball League, have proven they are true ballplayers and should win the league title if they continue to play as they have previously. The ACES have excellent hitters and fielders, and they have proven they can score runs. If the pitching holds out as it should, then the outside teams will be facing a struggle.

As for the weightlifting champions, the Auditorium was the place for them one Sunday afternoon. As I selected a seat to watch the competition, I noticed a man making like Gene Kiniski's double, and the fans reacted. So Gene Grills may not have

10

won the outstanding lifter of the day trophy, but he was the most colorful lifter there. The final results as submitted to me by the trainer, Ted Snowden, are as follows: the most outstanding lifter went to Tucker; second went to Gene Grills; and third went to Swain.

The contest was judged under the Hoffman formula and is accepted by the A.A.U.

Tucker, a young man who has taken advantage of the opportunity to improve his physical and mental health, is a fine example of what one can achieve by sticking with the task, once started. So, fans, hats off to the man who deserves the most Outstanding Lifter Award. Many thanks go to those who participated in any way.

ANNUAL SPORTS DAY

The 14th Annual Sports Day was held July 1st. Due to heavy rainfall the preceding night, the track was quite heavy. Even with this slight handicap, the timings recorded were fast. The highlights of the day were the running and jumping of Stan Bergen. He displayed the fine form that won him the Athlete-of-the-Day Award. He took first in six events and second in four.

This concludes our sports for this issue. Many thanks are in order to all umpires and to the willing men who helped to make our sports program a success. Until next time, then, good sports to all,

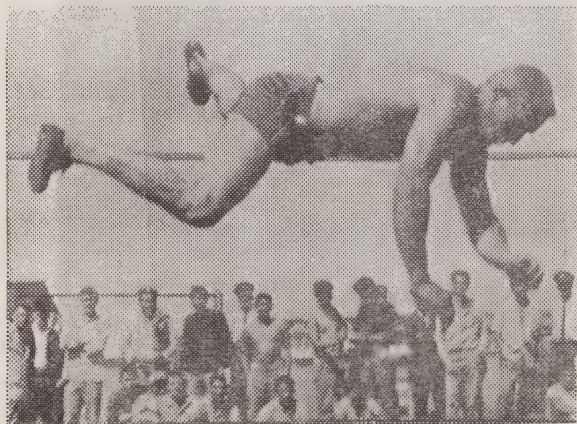
and remember that the Edmonton Eskimos are the greatest football team around, this year.



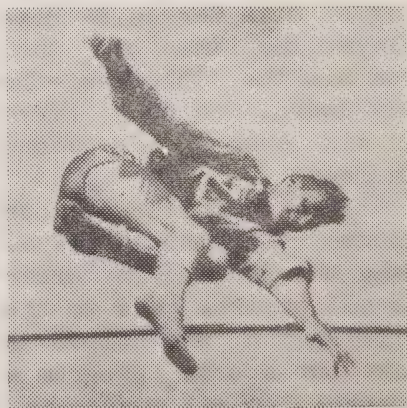
ANNUAL SPORTS DAY WITH OUR PHOTOGRAPHER



Norm Roy and Jake Quiring winning the wheelbarrow race.



Stan Bergen; High Jump



Red Dergo; High Jump



Bobby Greene



Norm Roy



Jake Fiddler



No field day can be complete without this.

FIELD DAY RESULTS

<u>EVENT</u>	<u>FIRST</u>	<u>SECOND</u>	<u>THIRD</u>
BASE RUNNING	McMullen	Quiring	Deschamps
100-YARD DASH	Bergen	Huppe	Roy
BALL THROW	Laliberte	Bergen	Chalifoux
WHEELBARROW RACE	Quiring-Roy	Pollock-Colson	Tucker-Franks
220-YARD DASH	Bergen	Huppe	Roy
OLD MAN'S RACE	Dodd	Stater	Martin
STANDING BROADJUMP	Reid	Bergen	Roy
RUNNING BROADJUMP	Bergen	Roy	Huppe
440-YARD DASH	Beamish	Picton	Quiring
DISCUS THROW Jr.	Roy	Beamish	Reid
SHOT PUT Jr.	Bergen	Reid	Quiring
SHOT PUT Sr.	Snowden	Muir	Picton
110-YARD HURDLES	Bergen	Quiring	Huppe
880-YARD DASH	Fiddler	Tucker	Mack
STILT RACE	Quiring	Henderson	Green
880-YARD RELAY	A & B	C & D	E & F
FAT MAN'S RACE	Dodd	Bluehorn	Watson
HOP, STEP & JUMP	Roy	Bergen	Reid
HIGH JUMP	Bergen	Beamish	Dergo
PIE-EATING CONTEST	Pollock		
HORSE & RIDER	Blyan-Fisher	Newell-Mayfield	
TUG OF WAR	C & D	E & F	A & B
MILE RACE	Fiddler	McArthur	Severight
OBSTACLE RACE	Pollock	Manahan	
A TENNIS SINGLES	B. Stevenson	Frank Schultz	
A TENNIS DOUBLES	Fieldhouse-Taylor	Page-Rennie	
B TENNIS SINGLES	J. Aubertin	J. Wilson	
B TENNIS DOUBLES	Roy-Close	Hyde-Gagnon	
A GOLF SINGLES	J. Rutley	A. Hollick	
A GOLF DOUBLES	Rutley-Newell	R.D.W.-Hollick	
B GOLF SINGLES	Creighton	Newell	
B GOLF DOUBLES	Kolot-Riti	Creighton-Bates	
A HANDBALL SING'S	Greene	Toma	
A HANDBALL DBLS'	Seigner-St.Denis	Holing-Franks	
B HANDBALL SING'S	Seigner	Westad	
B HANDBALL DBLS'	Snowden-Wilson	Greene-Cripes	
BOCCI SINGLES	Schockameyer	Groulx	
BOCCI DOUBLES	Anderson	Sheerschmidt	



A . A . ANNIVERSARY

EDITOR'S NOTE: The lateness in date prevented this article from appearing in the last issue.

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From 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M., on May 29th, the Nor-Kel A.A. group celebrated its fifteenth Anniversary. Approximately fifty outside guests (invitation only) and fifty inmates attended the meeting, which was held for the first time in the Protestant Chapel. Representing the Administration, and also one of the men who were instrumental in bringing A.A. into the institution, was Deputy Warden J. Norfield, and his wife. The coordinator for the group, ~~James~~ Classification Officer H. Jacobs, also attended the meeting and talked on the progress of the program in this institution. A cold-cut dinner, set up cafeteria style, was served at 11:30, and the inmates were allowed to remain out of their cells and dine with the guests.

Sponsorship and its many different aspects was the theme of this year's meeting, and the majority of the speakers mentioned the need for cooperation in this area. One of the more interesting speakers, Tom I., who hails from Raleigh, North Carolina, stated that "A man in prison with an alcoholic problem has only one problem." Inmate Rudy G., a high tenor, closed the meeting with his rendition of The Lord's Prayer.

MONTREAL, QUE. (Via MONTREAL DAILY STAR)

The Quebec Gazette (official organ of the Province) announced the formation of the new Creative Awards Association. This group intends to establish a fund that will finance awards to "assist persons of creative ability who are detained in penitentiaries, prison hospitals, and similar institutions."

CONNECTICUT. (Via PRISON MIRROR)

Connecticut, after a brief experimenting, began a state-wide system of releasing all indigent inmates who are awaiting trial without bail.

MORE HUMANITARIAN ACTS BY INMATES. (Excerpts from THE TELESCOPE).

An inmate of Parchment, Mississippi, State Prison recently donated one kidney to save the life of a patient at the Veterans' Hospital. . . Two inmates from Columbus Ohio Penitentiary each donated a ten-inch section of shin bone to help Sandra Goldstein, of Bexley Ohio, walk again.

NEW YORK. (Via PRISON MIRROR)

A bill to grant amnesty to first offenders was recently signed by Governor Rockefeller.

Under this bill, the criminal record of a first offender is annulled and he is considered completely exonerated if he commits no further crimes during his probation.

DEATH PENALTY ALMOST OUT IN NEW YORK STATE.

Albany, June 2, 1965. Governor Rockefeller signed legislation that almost abolishes the death penalty in this state. The death penalty will be retained on the statute books only for the murder of a police officer or for murders committed by inmates in prison.



The Unwilling Partners

by The Oldtimer

The penitentiary inmate who has a family is relatively better off than the unwilling partners he left behind in the outside world—the wife and children. This applies to the typical inmate in any Canadian or American institution, with only one reservation—it is assumed that the wife is an average female with an average background, which means she is inherently decent and respectable.

In 1956, after my release from an Eastern penitentiary, I had the usual chore of delivering a few messages. One of these was for the wife of a long-term inmate. Her name was Renata. A unique and attractive name for a unique and attractive woman.

Renata had two children. Two loveable, well-bred children. Good children. They were good children because they had a good mother. She was a lovely woman of thirty-two, with wide-awake eyes and a compelling personality. She had a subdued sort of charm—subdued by the circumstances of her life. She was discerning, intelligent and interesting, and a refreshing experience to a man who had forgotten what a good woman was like.

Renata stands for one aspect of a major social problem that goes unnoticed by the self-styled observers on the crime scene. Society had relegated her to the welfare agencies, which is like sweeping her and the two children under the carpet.

The convicted criminal goes to the penitentiary, or to the grave, and it's all over as far as the police and the courts are concerned. But there is the residue—Renata and her two children, multiplied by the number of married men in all penal institutions around the world.

Renata's problems are many. Her most difficult is that even though her husband might have played around with big money in his day, she invariably finds herself in financial trouble after the trial. She has to fight the agency every step of the way. How hard the fight is depends on the area. One point is common to all areas—she is treated as though she herself had committed a serious crime—by becoming a needy mother. Or for

being the wife of a convicted criminal.

The children, too, find new problems. What about the smug, self-righteous neighbor yelling at her own son, "Don't play with that no-good Johnny. His father is in jail."

That makes Johnny some kind of monster to be chased and tormented. He might be only seven, but he has to fight the whole neighborhood because the other boys—children of law-abiding parents—are encouraged to hate the little Johnnies of the world. Like the good little Christians they are taught to be.

And Johnny's sister? The other girls won't talk to her or let her join their games. She was taught in school, and by her mother, to pray to God for guidance and protection. She does. In her own simple, innocent way. But she gets no answer.

God, too, must be prejudiced.

The story of the unwilling partners always starts with a bang in the newspapers, when the active member of the partnership is still active but on his way out. And they play it up. Big, bold, black headlines, action photos, and a bullet-by-bullet account of the play itself.

Nobody owes the gunmen any sympathy. That's true enough. They had gambled, in a big noisy way, and they had lost.

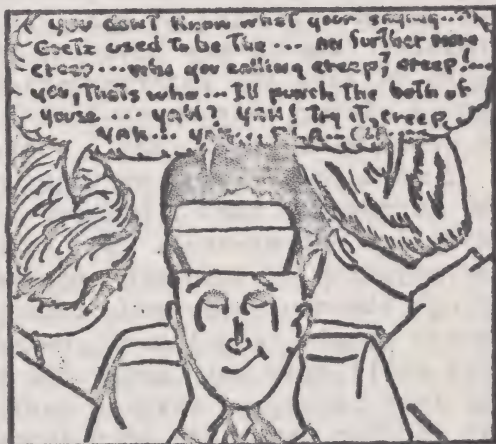
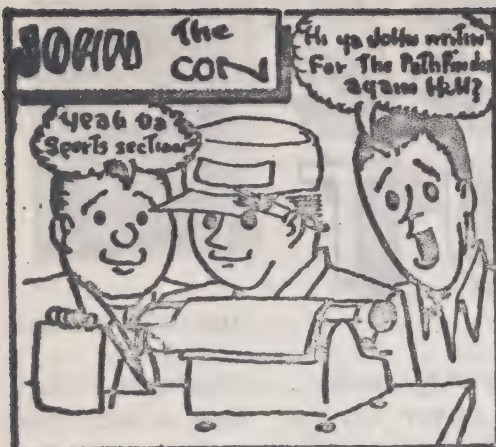
It usually makes good copy. By concentrating on the dramatic and the sensational, they manage to hide the tragic and the pitiful behind it. The story of the unwilling partners.

Renata's story.

There is little difference between Renata's story and that of most wives of convicted criminals, although the same general values apply and the essential situation is the same. With Renata, it's the case of emotions dumped behind a wall that strains to contain them. Most women let go, simply because it's so much easier to do so, in one big, relief-providing flood, while Renata hangs on, somehow.

Hers is the tempered personality that makes champions what they are. She hangs on, hoping that the retaining wall will hold, and she'll continue hanging on until she rides it out, or until her dam smashes itself to pieces, smashing her emotionally and mentally at the same time.

It was not her fault that she joined the ranks of the unwilling partners of convicted criminals. Yet she has to pay the price of this partnership, and she'll go on paying it until insanity or death will grant her a parole or a pardon.



INSIDE LOOKING OUT



by doug bevans

Last month, in the heat of a wordy moment, I inferred that the people of the outside world never forget that a man has been a convict and that it affects their relationship with and their understanding of him. It seems to me, on re-reading this article, that I may have put it somewhat inaccurately, and because of this the interpretation would naturally be inaccurate. Simply stated this means that I am a sloppy writer. Okay, I'll go along with that. But I would like to clear the air.

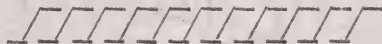
I certainly don't want anyone, inside or outside, to have the impression that I believe every man in the world hates and raves against ex-cons. Not at all. Some do perhaps, but by far the majority of them are concerned more with helping than hindering the man released from prison. They are good people, honest people, and I have never thought otherwise. However, this still does not change the true meaning of what I meant to say last issue and said so badly. If a man, any man, is a lawyer for ten years and then leaves the law to enter another profession, no one who knows him or knows of him will ever forget that he has been a lawyer. It is a fact of life. It is a part of him that will always be retained in some corner of the collective memory of those men and women who are in his social circle, and, one way or another, it will affect their relationship with this man; it is impossible for it not to. So it is with a man released from prison. Those who know him or of him will never forget that he was once a convict. They very likely will never throw it in his face and they will do everything in their power to cover up and act normal, but this very thing, this covering up or acting, is one of the effects of his being once behind bars. Because if he were never behind bars then

there would be nothing to cover for, would there? Also, the effect upon any one person of the knowledge that a certain man is an ex-convict, may manifest itself unconsciously in certain acts. For example, you may have an ex-con living next door to you as a neighbor. You think he is a fine person and you are glad to see that he is getting ahead and making a successful adjustment to good living; you feel a warm friendliness for him and you would scoff or become angry at anyone who suggested that your behavior might unconsciously be affected by the fact that you know he is an ex-convict, that you might for all your good will and respect have some shred of prejudice for him. But you never forget to lock your car securely when you come home from the office at night, even though you may be planning to use it later. Why do you do it? Chances are you are not even aware of why you do, or you might think that it is just a habit, but it's a form of behavior or action that has been stimulated partly by your neighbor, the ex-convict. If he were not there you might still lock your car at night, but you would not make the ritual of it that you do now. This is only one of the ways in which the knowledge of a man's past may affect relationships and actions, I am sure there are hundreds of thousands of clearer examples, but I have not the space, the time or the intention.

I hope that I have made it clear that I do not think this is a vicious or offensive social attitude; it isn't. It is a normal one, or at least it has become what we term normal. Whether you accept this or not is of no moment to me personally, I only wanted to take the time to slay the bitter image of myself that I unwittingly painted last month. Sarcasm withstanding, I honestly believe it's a good world full of good people and I will always believe that.

Again I am, at your service, "Inside Looking Out."

doug.



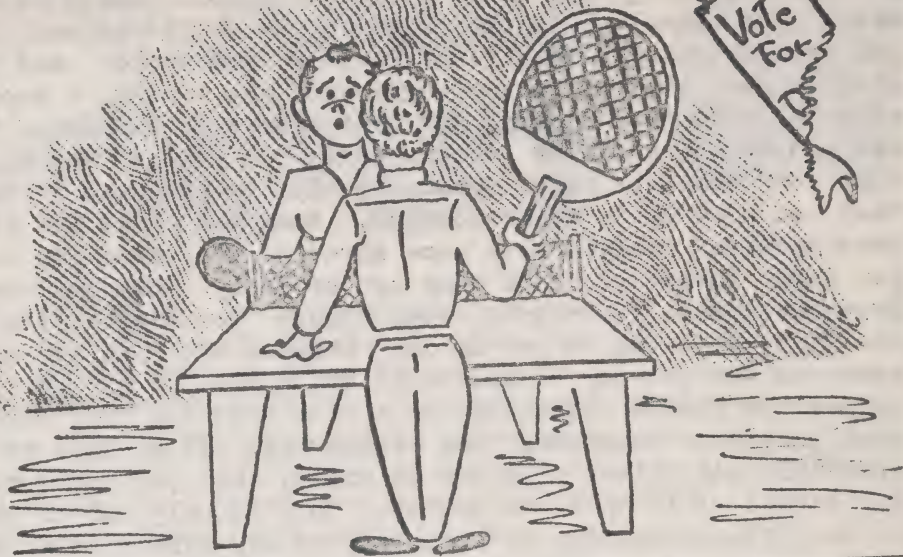
EDITOR'S NOTE:-- The following was taken from the Montana State Penitentiary magazine, the M.P. NEWS:



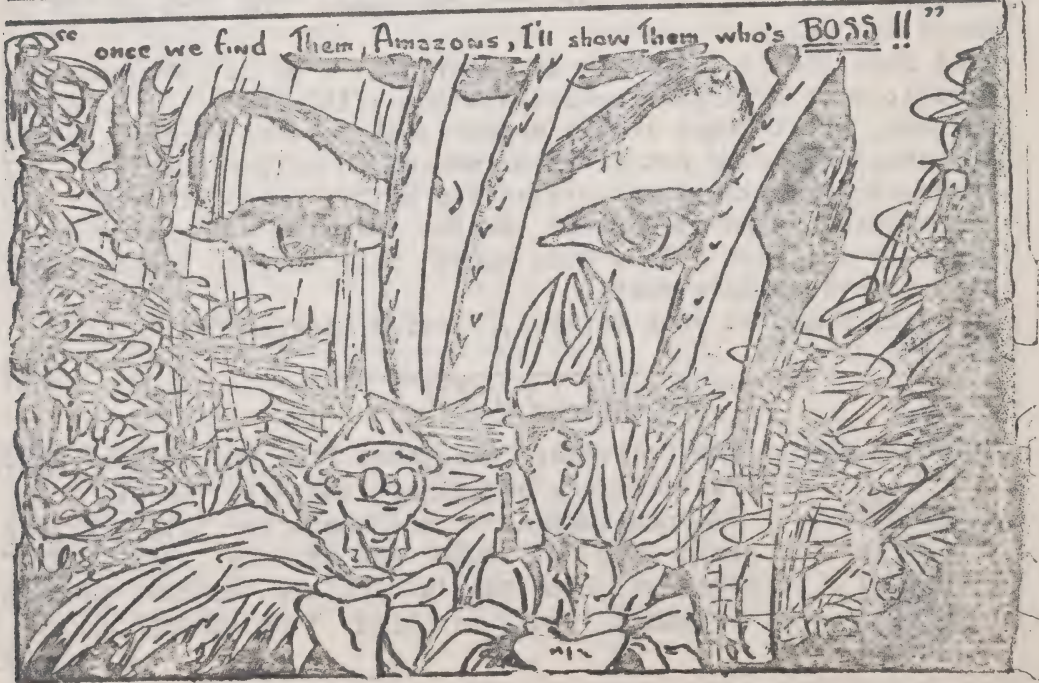
"Acknowledgment of the Month for Self - Expression goes to: DOUG BEVANS via PATHFINDER." This was for Doug's article on the Habitual Criminal Act, entitled "THE BITCH".

"What school did you say you were champ at?"

Vote
For
Down



"once we find them, Amazons, I'll show them, who's BOSS!!"





to the editor

Dear Bill:

I have just received your May-June PATHFINDER and will say "Well done, Mon."

You have a simple, well-balanced and informative magazine that is an asset to Prince Albert. Recently, our editorial advisor, Mr. Thomas Ivester, visited the Great North West and brought back... interesting information concerning the Canadian Penal system. . . . Your article on Drug Addiction was very informative. . . . A.R. King, Editor Raleigh, N.C.

THE STORY

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing \$1.00 for a year's subscription to PATHFINDER. I find it quite interesting.

Yours truly,
Punnichy, Sask. Rosie Senter.

Dear Sir:

. . . I have received our two copies. . . Others would no doubt find them as interesting, enjoyable and enlightening as we do. . . We are looking forward to the next

issue.

Yours sincerely,
Dartmouth, NS. James Humphreys.

Dear Mr. Peacock:

May I congratulate you and your co-workers on the fine magazine you are publishing.

We read it from one cover to the other. . . The article on Drug Addiction. . . was of special interest to us. . .

Good luck.

Beaverlodge, Sincerely,
Alberta. Florence Russell,

Dear Sir:

. . . If I offended you or your staff. . . Lance Miller
Walla Walla, Wash.

Dear Gentlemen:

. . . Received the May-June issue of your magazine. You fellows are doing a fine job and, seriously, this is the best issue by far. This is the first letter I have ever written to you and just couldn't resist after going through the pages. . . A pat on the back, there, Mr. Peacock. . .

Edmonton, Alta. Reece McLeod.

YOU NEVER KNOW

doug bevans

I am standing in my usual spot on this particular afternoon. Nothing looks any different to me today than it has before. Eight and Two West is still the same; smelly and noisy. But this I am used to, so I don't really give it any thought. The sun is bright in the sky and all that jazz; the world is in bloom. Yeah, in fact the world is very ripe, with brown streaks on the pavement like a spoiled banana. Boy, it is hot.

Now at this particular time I am thinking absolutely nothing, which is quite natural for me and I have never had any trouble doing it. I am waiting for three oclock. Now you are wondering. You are wondering what is going to happen at three oclock. Well so was I. I mean, I never stand around waiting for nothing, you know, like so many dumb people do. No, I figure a man has got to spend his time usefully, and if you stand around you might just as well be occupying yourself usefully by waiting for something. So I am waiting for three oclock. When you consider that I have been doing it since ten oclock this morning, on the same corner, you will get just a glimmer of my determination to be useful. I am very good that way.

Anyway, about two-fifteen or so, this jerk walks up. He was a clowny looking guy and all, wearing a red shirt with a pink plaid. A nut I think as soon as I spot him. A nut without a doubt. Now these people you have got to watch out for. They can do the messiest things behind your back. I watch him very closely as he is approaching. I see he is wearing one green and one blue sock. Now this would look very bohemian on other people I know, but on him it looks lousy. I shake my head slowly and wonder how he ever got away from his rubber room. He stops right in front of me.

"Hi there, fellow, how is the world looking after you this fine day?"

Jeez, what a goof! Hi there fellow! My God! I figure him for a real looney now, but I also figure to play along for a while. Some nuts are crazy, but they ain't stupid, you know? Him, he looked stupid also, but you can never tell.

"I am great, just great. How are you?"

"I am how I always am", he says, "fine as sandpaper."

"You waitin' for anything or anything?"

I figure I'll ask him this just to see if he is useful. You know, like me and all.

"Oh yes, oh yes indeed! I am waiting for the green light."

"Fine, great, been waitin' long?"

"Why no, I just walked up a moment ago."

Just as I thought, the guy is a loafer; besides being crazy I mean. Me, I been waiting since ten this morning. One thing I can't stand it's a guy who don't wait for things. Jeez! Waitin' for a green light! I mean, anybody can wait for a green light, it don't take any talent or nothing. God! I am fast getting sick of this nut with the odd socks on. I wish he would go away.

"Well, friend, it's been wonderful talking to you, but now I must be gone. The light has changed and I will say goodbye."

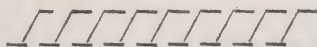
"Yeah, well so long. Hey! Before you leave, tell me one thing. Why do you wear one green and one blue sock, huh?"

"Certainly, certainly. I wear them because a vest has no sleeves. Now do you see?"

"Yeah, yeah. Well thanks, thanks a lot."

He walks off the curb and across the street. I lose him in the crowd. I guess I was wrong about him after all. Imagine. Because a vest has no sleeves. Christ! He was no nut, this creep; no but indeed. I mean, what better reason is there for wearing one green sock and one blue sock?

I hear the clock go three and I walk away slowly to wait for something else.



ADD-CAN ARTICLE

Due to shortage of space in this issue, we found it necessary to postpone publication of the scheduled article on Drug Addiction, with special reference to the Add-Can movement.

This, however, will appear in the next issue of our magazine. And thanks to all interested readers who wrote in.

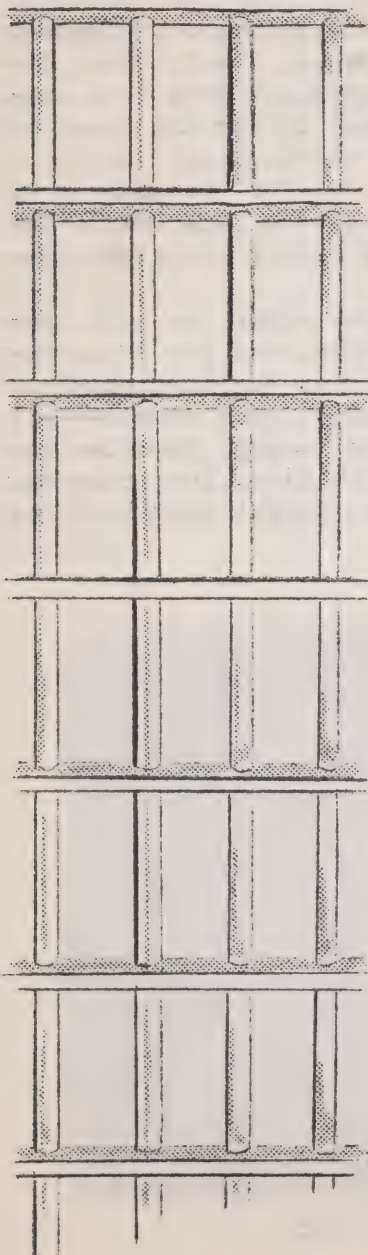
YOU KNOCK UPON MY DREAM DOOR

k. st. cyr

Once a day, and sometimes more,
You knock upon my day dream door,
And I say warmly, "Come right in,
I'm glad you're here with me again!"
Then we sit down and have a chat,
Recalling this, discussing that
Until some task I must do
Forces me away from you—
Reluctantly I say good-bye,
Smiling with a little sigh
For though my day dream brings you near
I wish that you were really here—
But what reality can't change
My dreams and wishes can arrange
And through my wishing you'll be brought
To me each day, a guest in thought.

PRISON BARS

1. musurichan



These prison bars, they hold me
Inside my small bleak cell,
Long round bars of man-made steel,
It's here where I must dwell.

Its silver paint is chipped about
From the striking hammer of "the man,"
The steel rings clear and emits a note
Of strangeness and of wan.

Behind these bars, many lives are kept
From the strongest to the frail;
Prison bars like these you will find
Only inside a jail.

These prison bars were meant to be
A form of rehabilitation,
A most barbaric carminative,
In today's modern nation.

I hope some day, I'll be set free
From this life of prison scars;
I pray the Lord, that I won't see
Any more prison bars.

DALE CARNEGIE GRADUATION BANQUET

The fourth graduating class of the Dale Carnegie Course was feted on May 31st, in the Old Officers' Mess. Twenty four inmates gathered with their outside guests and sat down to a supper of cold roast beef and Virginia Ham. It was the event of the year, with smiles and enthusiasm overflowing the hall, which made this reporter forget where he was for two and a half hours. Warden J.H. Weeks opened the banquet by expressing his thanks to everyone who participated in making the event possible.

The highlight of the evening, which came after the well prepared supper, and the well prepared speeches, was the presentation of the Graduation Cards. Norman Herman, the instructor of the class, and his assistant, Paul Lappin, both seemed—if this was at all possible—more pleased and happy than the recipients. At the end of the evening's activities, the graduates presented Norm Herman with a hand-tooled pocket secretary as a token of their appreciation.

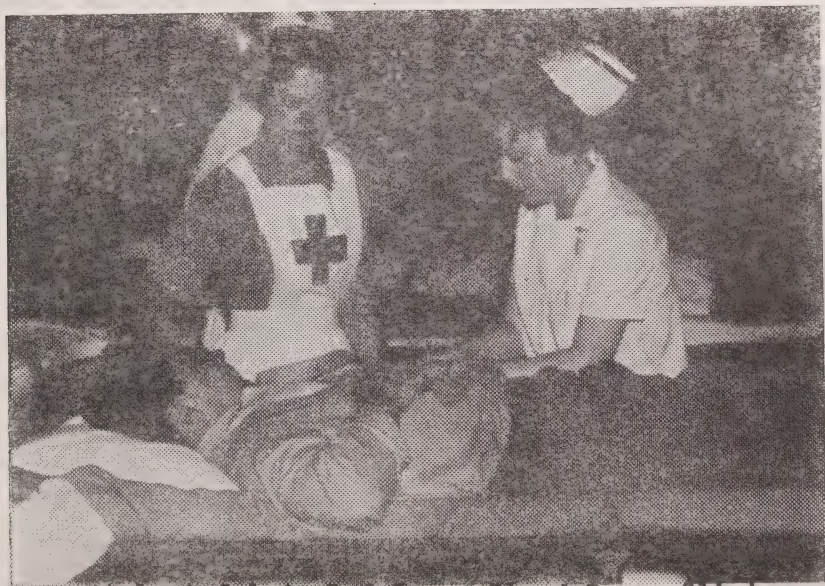


Dale Carnegie Class of 1965

The Blood Donor Clinic, which is the event on the social calendar, was held July 6th and met with the usual success. To be exact, 369 pints.

There was the usual bustle on the morning of the clinic. The members of the Committee combined with the P.T. and Auditorium crews to set up the cots and equipment in excellent time.

It is this writer's belief that the atmosphere which prevails at such a clinic would be the same in any penal institution—a delightful aura of dainty femininity and the satisfying feeling of doing something good at the same time. And, too, the camaraderie and a letdown of the specific social barrier that makes an inmate realize he is just that. The girls of the Red Cross contributed to this sense of social emancipation for the day. Especially Miss Marilyn Johnson, the charming technician at the reception desk, who put the men at their ease—in spite of the needle she jabbed into them to draw blood for analysis—by her ready smile, an easygoing banter, and her compelling personality.



At last July's Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic

The music project is hanging on in this institution—this, in a place that once boasted of an eighteen-piece show band. When the chap who writes in this mag under the byline of "Old-timer" arrived here on a transfer from the East, he looked, first, for the big band—which no longer existed—then for the reason for this sorry mess, which nobody seemed to know.

And there are enough sidemen around—some of the best, too—but still no show band. But there is music. It has been said that there are more guitars in Saskatchewan Penitentiary than there are rifles in the armory, and many of the boys who strum and chord these instruments are good at it. Some are very good.

We have a few combos that work out regularly, and the one shown in the photo below is just about the best. These boys are versatile, capable and willing. They are just as much at home on Rock'N'Roll as they are on Latin stuff, and they can hold their own with any group on Rhythm and Blues. Pops, of course, is routine with them. They can express themselves fluently in the language of jazz. They even sound natural on Country and Western. But they are primarily a show combo, and any time the Committee needs music for any event, they call out the combo.



Our most versatile combo—From Rock'N'Roll to the classics.

PAGE FRANCAISE

NOUS , ET LA SOCIETE

par yves gagnon

Est-ce qu'un homme, apres avoir servi une sentence dans une institution federal a reellement paye sa dette envers la societe? Est-ce que la societe veut lui pardonner? Est-il pret a pardonner la societe pour ses privations? Et, enfin, a-t-il reellement quelque chose a pardonner a la societe?

J'aimerais bien vouloir elaborer sur ces questions, mais je suis restreint, faut d'espace, ce qui necessite la generalisation sur les faits saillants.

Qui est-ce qui forme la societe? D'apres moi, nous tous. Que ça vous plaise ou non, nous faisons parti de cette societe. Nous, comme vous tous, d'ailleurs, avons ete responsables pour avoir institue les lois du pays. Plusieurs d'entre nous ont, dans le passe, pris une part active dans certains mouvements sociaux. Alors, en nous revoltant contre ces lois, nous nous revoltons contre quelque chose que nous avons supportees.

Qu'arriverait-il si le pays serait sans loi? Ces lois ont ete instituees pour proteger le peuple. Alors, d'apres moi, je n'ai rien a pardonner a la societe.

J'admetts que certains d'entre vous ne pardonneront pas a un homme d'avoir commise une erreur, mais ceci ne s'applique qu'a la minorite. La plupart d'entre vous ont, apres un certain temps, completement oublie les evenements qui ont cause notre incarceration. Et, en sortant d'ici, nous sommes d'egalite avec vous tous. Il faut dire que pour quelque temps nous serons un peu nerveux et tres agites, mais nous aussi, nous oblions.

Vous allez peut-etre croire que c'est facile a dire, mais tout ça a ete prouve a maintes reprises. C'est pour cela que plusieurs d'entre nous revenons dans une institution penale.

Si chacun d'entre nous ici, apres y avoir sejourne quelque temps, se donnerait la peine d'y penser sincerement, au moins une minute par jour, et cesser de justifier nos actions, je crois fermement que le compte de ces institutions serait tres bas.

Ces lois sont nos lois, et nous sommes obliges d'y obeir, mais nous ne le faisons pas tous.



FARM NEWS

by danny hadden

Howdy, everybody. Well, here I am again, with another report from the Farm Camp. Top billing this month goes to our three committee men who worked like one-armed paperhangers organizing things for our July 1st Sports Day. Jerry Hume, a talented chap in his own right, gets special mention in this column for having come up with an idea that provided fun and excitement for all. Jerry, who claims to have come from a long line of animal trainers, captured a dozen live mice and trained them to scamper down a series of holes drilled in a large circular piece of plywood set up on a stand.

The idea of the game was to guess what hole the mouse would go down in. The holes were numbered from 1 to 16, and four were marked "House". If the mouse went down the numbered hole that you picked, you got a prize. (A five-center bar of chocolate.) But if he—or she—went down a hole marked "House," nobody won. After watching the little chaps perform for several minutes, I detected a tiny dab of white paint on the back of one of them, which went scampering down a "House" hole every time it was brought out.

Now, I'm not trying to suggest that Jerry had this little fellow specially trained to duck down those "House" holes, but it seemed to me that this little rodent knew where he was going. Anyway, we all had a good day and want to thank the committee chaps for a job well done.

Speaking of jobs well done, Cowboy Jack Lauder is doing a bang-up job of running our ball team, which is entered in the

local commercial Fastball league. The team has played a total of 14 games and has lost only one as of this date. If that is not something to brag about, I'd like to know what is.

There is nothing more newsworthy to write about this time around, so I'll finish off this column by writing a short short story.

Back in the year 1954, a western Canadian city was experiencing a rash of bank holdups. One day, during this era, two shabbily-dressed men walked into a bank and relieved a pretty young lady teller of all the money in her cash drawers. Upon arriving at the scene of the crime, the local police wanted to know what had happened. The young girl teller was asked to tell them exactly what **the** holdup men did while in the bank.

"Well," explained the pretty young thing. "This one bandit pointed a gun at me and said, 'Reach'."

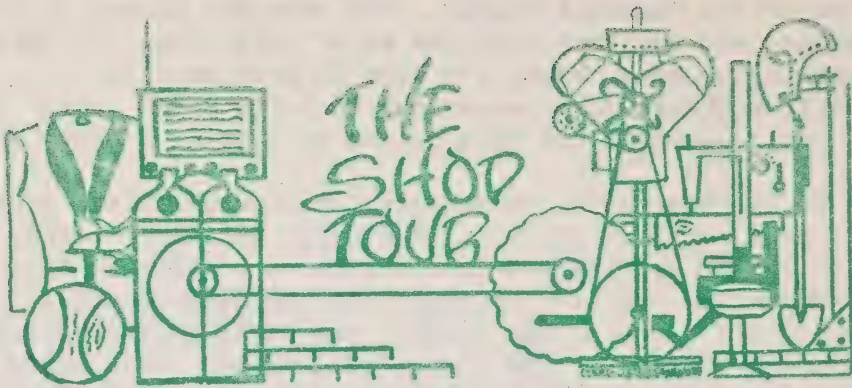
"What did he do then?" asked the detective.

"He rudely reached into my drawers and grabbed everything I had, then fled." she said, rather angrily.

Oh, well. . . That's the way the cookie crumbles. . . .

Until next month. So long, everybody. . . .





VOCATIONAL CARPENTERS SHOP

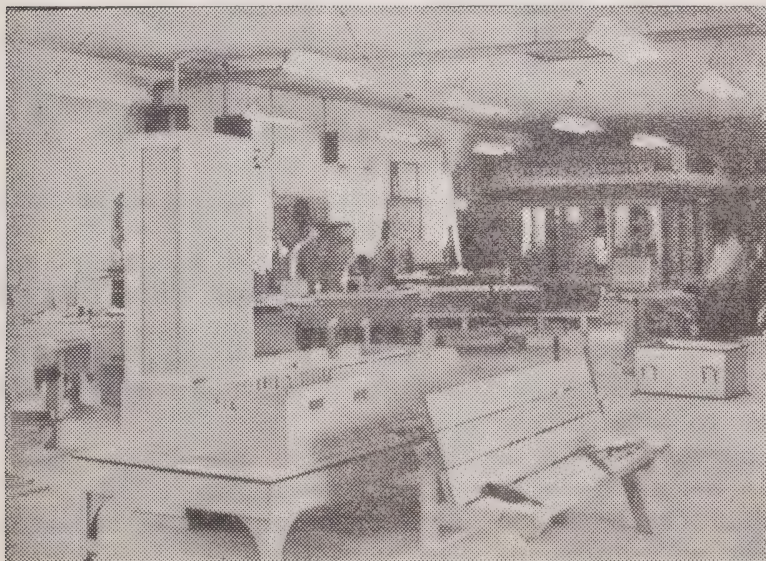
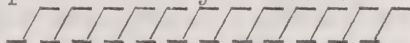
Hanging on the wall beside the door to this shop, is a sign with black numbers, which states that there has been 357 accident free days. A record which any other shop of this type, inside or outside, would have a hard time to beat.

The shop which opened in February, 1949, has an apprentice training course in carpentry which takes approximately eight months to complete. Handling ten men at a time, the course has seen 127 graduates receive their certificates in apprentice training. The certificate, equivalent to one year's training, is recognized as such by the province. For the statistical-minded, there were 27 men who discontinued the course during this period, and six who were released before completion.

Mr. S.W.D. Winters, ex-navyman and past president of the Carpenters Union downtown, has been the instructor in the shop for three years. He explained the modern layout of the shop, and stated that, "anything bigger would be too commercial." A rough figure of the machinery, purchased in 1956, would be around the \$10,000.00 mark. Each machine is sectioned off by yellow-painted danger lines on the floor. A few of the different machines which are usually in use, unless a class is going on, are a 12-inch planer, a 6-inch jointer, bench saw, lathe, drill press, and a DeWatt saw. The lumber—purchased fairly cheap downtown—along with the tool loss, hinges, etc., places the operating costs around the \$2,000-a-year level.

For the first two months of each course, an inmate works on hand tools, unless he has had previous experience. Classes,

blueprint reading, cabinet making, and every other phase of carpentry is covered during the eight-month period, with safety being one of the daily reminders, and one of the boss's pet subjects. Just about anything imaginable that can be made with wood, big or small, is made, or has been made in the past. And most of the finished products would make any basement hobbyist green with envy. Where does all this work go? After a project is completed, and providing that there is no use for it in the institution, it is then made available to the staff by tender. The cooperation of the inmates and their instructor in furnishing the inmate body with different pieces of needed work, from time to time, such as small cupboards, etc., is something that deserves a mention here. For instance, before each photo-cut in this magazine can be sent to the Print Shop, it first has to be mounted on a block of wood and measured by a micrometer to 9/18 thousandths of an inch. A bit of work in itself. So, if this article favours the Vocational Carpenters Shop, in any way, there's a lot of good reasons why it should. Apart from that, there's really no place where you can knock it.



General view of the Vocational Carpenters Shop

on the
Q.T.



We understand that because of the information given in the last issue of this magazine regarding the marriage that took place here, there has been four hundred applications for licenses. Nice try, boys. . .

To start off this month's observations; we saw John (Slap-Shot) MacIntosh in an embarrassing horizontal position in a tennis match with Norm (Public Relations) Hill the other night. Loving pressure though, John came from behind to win the set.

While skulking around on field day, we noticed Rick Quirico running after a chap with a pie in his hand and another one on his face.

As we passed by the handball courts not too long ago we noticed Syd Dolynchuk stripped down to his shorts in order to keep up with Kenny Powpow, who seems to be wasting away to nothing.

We overheard a fish asking what part of the prison the rehabilitation program was taking place. . .

After a serious three-month campaign to gain weight, John Page found he had put on only two pounds. Well, John, think of the money you will save on alterations. . .

Saw Bill Peacock showing off a clipping in which he received honorable mention for one of his editorials. . .

While walking past the tennis courts not too long ago, we saw Frank Schultz making a commendable attempt at a low, fore-hand shot. Unfortunately, he ran over his racket, tromping it in two. . .

We heard Bernie Winkler cutting up the old days, and can this guy ever go back a long way. . .

A recent survey showed that nine out of ten doctors who preferred Camels have switched back to women. . .

Noticed Bill (Rawhide-200) Gillespie displaying his athletic prowess lately on C Diamond. . .

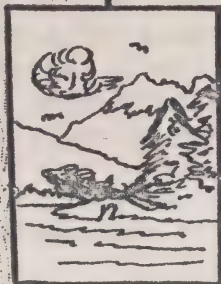
Till next time.....Us

The winner of the Miss Pathfinder contest? R. Norder-son

The name of our gal?

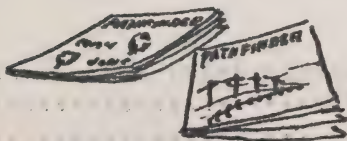
↓
"MISS"

LOTTA
WOLFE



ESS-3

DATE-2011-11-11



She collects them!

SALVATION ARMY HELPS AGAIN.

Recently, Fred Stevenson, president of the local Native Brotherhood, was allowed to go to Edmonton to attend his father's funeral. As usual in cases like this, Classification obtained the Warden's permission for him to go home, but the matter of financing the 400-mile trip and stopover began to shape up as a major obstacle.

Captain Shadgett, local Salvation Army officer, not only offered to accept the responsibility for his organization, he also volunteered to act as escort.

We join "Steve" Stevenson in expressing our appreciation of this humane gesture.

O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O

INQUIRER'S BEAT.

Continued from
Page 7

The changes I would suggest are as follows: When a man is found guilty of being a habitual criminal, he should be given one last opportunity to prove otherwise before being sentenced to preventive custody. Let him serve the sentence given him on the conviction that warranted his being tried under the Habitual Act. At the same time, let him know, in no uncertain terms, that his next conviction will automatically result in an indefinite sentence. This, I believe, will make the Act effective as a deterrent to crime. As it is, though, with its lack of uniformity and flexibility it is not a deterrent.

O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O

STATISTICS:-

For May-June,
1965

Admitted on Warrant of Committal.....	70
Parolees Returned.....	5
Released on Expiration of Sentence.....	53
Released on parole.....	6
Transferred to other institutions.....	7
Escapes.....	4
Returned from Escape.....	4

Count, as of June 30, 1965:-

Farm annex.....	90
Main Institution.....	716
Other Registry.....	19

Total on Register.....825

penal press

mike barber

COURIER, Baltimore, Maryland.

An exceptional magazine that exercises the potential of lithography to its fullest. The entire contents of this publication always prove to be interesting and I was particularly taken by the exceptional short story of Miles Lokeman.

ISLAND LANTERN, McNeil Island, Washington.

You are to be praised and thanked for your March-April issue, which was devoted to a thorough coverage of the problem of drug addiction. I recall that it was in your magazine, some three years ago, that I first learned about the joint report of the American Medical and American Bar Associations, contained in the book that you reviewed so well, DRUG ADDICTION: CRIME OR DISEASE?

THE CROSSROADS, Texarkana, Texas.

We look forward to your fine magazine and certainly enjoyed your last issue. The Essence of Maturity, by Howard Reynolds, was stimulating and very interesting.

PRESIDIO, Fort Madison, Iowa.

A highly regarded magazine for all. We certainly enjoyed Staff Reflections.

THE CLOCK, Boise Idaho.

Congrats on your eighteenth anniversary. Because I have read your magazine on many occasions over the last ten years, I realize fully the improvement that has taken place.

THE CONTACT, Leclerc Institution, SVP, Quebec.

Glad to see that Nick Nekrassoff is on your staff. A few of his editorial colleagues from the East are with PATHFINDER. Good luck to your mag, the only voice left in the East.

On the Prowl!!!

FOR . . .

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS



Let *PATHFINDER* be your host on a guided tour of *inmate* thought and outlook, through the pages of this little magazine. The problem of rehabilitation—since it is *not* only the inmate's—should be of interest to every social-conscious citizen.

It has been said that a serious and sincere *subjective* view is worth a ton of *objective* observation.

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MISS J. HARDY
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